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WHY CHRISTIANS DIE.

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED JANUARY 20th, 1859,

AT

THE FUNERAL OF

HENRIETTA C. KILBOURN,

OF

SANDWICH, ILLINOIS,

BY REV. JOEL GRANT.

"O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward."

"God always does right." "I would cling closely to Jesus."
—Her dying words.

SANDWICH JOB PRINT.

1859.

To the relatives and friends of Henrietta Cordelia Kilbourn this discourse is dedicated, with the prayer that its truths may prove a balm to their stricken hearts and help their faith to see the flowers of Paradise blooming even amid desolations of the tomb.

THE AUTHOR.

Bristol, Illinois, March 1st, 1859.

DISCOURSE.

FATHER, I WILL THAT THEY WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME BE WITH ME WHERE I AM; THAT THEY MAY BEHOLD MY GLORY. JOHN XVII: 24.

Almost our first inquiry after obtaining a clear view of the rule of an infinitely wise, almighty, and benevolent God, is one that pertains to the existance of evil, and its apparently unjust distribution. "Wherefore do the wicked live?' is a question older than Job, yet to this day it perplexes many thoughtful minds. And scarcely less perplexing is that question forced upon us by this day's solemnities—"Wherefore do the righteous die?" We see the fact—they die early, amid their usefulness, or when their death blights the buds of hope.

Thus God's children, often find their earthly reliance fail them, and lifting their streaming eyes to heaven they repeat the appeal of the Psalmist, "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail, from among the children of men." (Ps. 12: 1.) While we fancy God will provide for those he loves long lives, and bestow on them special favors, we are surprised to find that there seems to be one event to the righteous and the wicked. And when the blow falls on us, when from the circle of our friends one of eminent usefulness, or of unusual promise is taken, our hearts, dark with unbelief, prompt the question, Can this be the work of a God who loves the righteous, and is angry with the wicked every day? Will such a God while he spares the unholy, who use their continued privileges to curse the earth with their evil example, blast in death the holy and the pure, whose very presence is a restraint, and who carry an atmosphere of heaven wherever they go? God's Providence answers the question. It assures us that exemp-

tion from death is not the mark by which his chosen ones are known. And instructed by his word, we may see that there are reasons for this, reasons founded on love. It is because his mercy endures forever, because his plans are larger his thoughts higher than ours, that we to day lay to her last repose one whose natural powers, disciplined by education and sanctified by grace, seemed so well adapted to bless the sphere in which she moved. This event is not the result of blind, unrelenting fate, thwarting the purposes of a merciful God. Nor have we occasion to suppose God took her away because she was no longer needed here. Indeed we see, plainly, she was needed. This father and mother as toilsomely they climb the hills of life's pilgrimage, how greatly did they need the solace of her society! These weeping brothers, left now without a sister's sympathy and a sister's counsels, how did they need her! Among her youthful companions, too, she was exerting a noiseless, yet great, and constantly increasing influence for good. She wooed them to wisdom's ways by deeds and words; not less, it is probable, by an example of consistent yet cheerful piety than by what she said Who can tell how much they have lost by her death? The church needed her; and yet she is gone! Oh! if there were nothing to be said but this, "she is gone!," If no thoughts could be summoned other than this, that, like a spark of fire falling into a river, she is extinguished to shine no more, what could we do but stand amazed upon the brink of that gulf of oblivion into which she had fallen, and cry alas! my sister! alas! alas! But thanks to him who hath brought life and immortality to light, no such gloom oppresses us. We can know why the righteous die; or if we cannot know all the reasons, we can discover enough of them to make it no matter of surprise that they are taken away at any age, or from any scene of usefulness, or any circle of affection. The word of God explains the mystery. In the text we have one weighty reason why they cannot long remain here. It is this—*Their presence is desired in Heaven.* Christ wants them where he is. Instructed by God's word, we see him who tasted all the bitterness of death for us, now ruling in heaven—many crowns are on his head—the armies of heaven follow him, and his rest is glorious. And from that scene of bliss unspeakable, the Prince of the kings of the earth looks down upon his loved ones here, wrestling with sins, with doubts and fears, often toiling without success or sympathy, vexed with the ungodly deeds of an ungodly world, wearied with cares, crushed with sorrows, sick and faint, and to him that sitteth on the throne he lifts his eyes, and says; "Father I will that they whom thou hast given me be with, me where I am, that they may behold my glory." And will this wish be unheeded? And if heeded what can result, but that those chosen ones, beloved in heaven, will be rapidly removed to their home on high? For this Christ redeemed them. He purchased them not merely that earth might have the benefit of their example and labors, but that they might fill

a larger sphere, and share the larger honors of our Savior's sovereignty. Have we not, then, in this a topic of consolation for the death of Christian friends, that can calm our agitated souls? Is there not here a balm for wounded hearts, and bleeding affections, more potent than that which distilled on Gilead's mountains?

That we may discover how well adapted this remedy is to the sorrows of those who are bereft of christian friends, let us consider from whence their grief arises. And here we may dismiss at once all that pertains to the deceased. We cannot, we do not weep for them. It is rather for our loss, that we weep, or because we suppose the cause of Christ is weakened by our bereavement we mourn.

I. Do the sorrows of those whose relatives sleep in Jesus result from a sense of their own loss? Admitting for the present, the fact that they do thus suffer, we should remember that what we have lost Christ has gained. And as Christ's wish is that of the whole family in heaven, whose communion is perfect; hundreds, thousands, yea perhaps millions, are blessed in the acquisiton. If there is joy in heaven, among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, much more is there when, saved from his sins, he comes safe to glory. This end—his glorification—was that which gave fervor to their songs when they saw him looking heaven-ward in prayer; how great then shall be their joy, when they welcome him to their blest abode, the conquering hero safe escaped from a thousand battles. And if we are tempted to plead that our mourning arises from sympathy for the departed, we have but to remember that they rejoice in the change; so that glorified saints, as well as angels and the Savior, are blessed in their transfer to another world. Who would retain in his own home, even if he could, one destined to such blessedness? Should your Savior say to you my hearer, "I wish your son, your only son, your daughter, your only daughter, to dwell with me, to share my bliss and to make glad the hosts of heaven;" would you answer "I cannot spare the loved one?" Would you prefer your own pleasure, imperfect and precarious, to that of heaven's uncounted host, and heaven's Anointed King, yea, to that of the object of your own love? If so, what can reign in your bosom but unmitigated selfishness, the bane of your own as well as of others' happiness?

When one dear to us is thus blessed in a Savior's love, the sense of loss is often enhanced by a remembrance of his good qualities. Bereaved friends recount the gentleness, the meekness, the patience that attended every act, and beamed forth in every glance of the eye. In the case which calls us together to day this reason for sorrow is peculiarly strong: but the sadness of this thought will find relief as we remember that these qualities are not lost, but freed from all their impurities they adorn a

higher sphere, and shine with a brighter radiance. And in our gratitude to the Savior, we should rejoice to sacrifice them, and all our interest in them, only saying "Would that they were more perfect, stronger, purer, and more abundant." And is it no honor, no consolation that the Savior loves, what we love? That those very qualities that endeared her most to father, mother, and brethren, endeared her likewise to Christ?

We should remember, too, the source from whence these lovely traits originated. They were but the marks of a Savior's love, the result of the influence of that Spirit purchased by him on the cross. They were his, not ours. The home in which she dwelt was but the nursery in which the plant was placed in its first developements, and where these traits were engrafted, that as soon as they were well incorporated, the plant itself might be transferred to the Paradise of God. They came not from earth, they belonged not to it. However beloved, then, a Christian may be on earth, he is more beloved in heaven; and however the fruits of the Spirit may appear in him on earth, it is only in heaven that they are perfected, to his own satisfaction, or that of him who planted them here.

But this is not all. No one who is a child of God can properly speak or think of a loss to himself in such a case. God's Government does not require that his people should be despoiled to enhance his glory. He can and will more than compensate those who trust in him for every seeming loss. It is not by one means alone that God can work. His resources are infinite. Has he taken away a Christian father? He himself promises to be a father to the orphan children. Has he called to himself the Christian husband? He is the widow's judge in his holy habitation. And to those who have been made childless, or are bereft of children, by his holy dispensations, there come these words of promise like soft breezes from his own throne, "I will give them in my house, and within my walls, a place and a name better than of sons and daughters, I will give them an everlasting name that shall not be cut off." (Is. 56: 5.)

To mourn under such circumstances for our own loss is to manifest the selfishness that is unwilling to part with a present comfort, though thereby the glory of God, the happiness of heaven, and the bliss of the friend for whom we profess to mourn be promoted; or it is to proclaim our distrust of those promises which God has given us "that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." (Rom. 15: 4.)

But it may be said that it is not for our own loss that we feel sorrow. Indeed most minds, when fairly summoned to consider the matter, dislike to admit that this is the reason why they mourn for Christian friends. Let us then consider.

II. The plea that good influences have been destroyed, and that for this we mourn. Christ's church has been weakened, its supports removed, and

this, we say, is sufficient reason for our sorrow. To this we may answer,

1. We assume too much when we represent ourselves as more interested in the kingdom of Christ than he who is at the head. We should be suspicious of ourselves lest in assumed zeal we put forth our hands to steady the ark he has taken charge of himself. As the captain of our salvation he knows where his soldiers can be best employed, and in what positions their own happiness and his glory can be best secured. If then it is true that Christ's kingdom on earth suffers loss, it is sufficient for us to know that its king has ordered it. He may have interests in other worlds to promote even at the expense of his kingdom here. Those qualities which make a useful christian here may prepare him to be much more useful in some other portion of his realm. Christ may therefore have labor vastly more pleasant, and a thousand times more important than any of his servants can perform on earth. As the general who withdraws his troops from an outpost that thereby he may take a city, even though that outpost should be lost, is wise: so Christ may show his highest wisdom in transferring his faithful ones to more important duties. That youth whose funeral rites now occupy our thoughts may in a day accomplish more than on earth she could have done in years. Perhaps borne on a ray of light she is ere long to visit some distant part of the universe where, another Adam and Eve may be standing at the head of some new race of beings like our own, just ready to fall. Who knows but she has been called hence to visit regions which no telescopic vision has ever reached, and there from the bitter experience of our own world, and the fierce struggles she has gone through in finding relief from sin, to give them the needed warning? Had she lived in this world to the greatest age of man how limited had been her usefulness, comparatively! She might then have made happy a few individuals; but in the case supposed, she will bless individuals and nations "numerous as the drops of morning dew." And though we know not the work God has for her in that better world—yet we cannot doubt there is something as great and noble as that I have supposed. What occasion then can we have to speak of loss to Christ's kingdom, even if something is lost on earth?

But all this is on the supposition that something may be lost when God hears the prayer of his son. Hence we should consider,

2. There is every reason to believe Christians are as useful to this world in their deaths as in their lives. Christ's life on earth was for a period more useful than aught else could be, but the time came when even for his disciples it was expedient that he should go away. (John 16:7.) His death was the life not only of them, but of all who believe on him through their word. His usefulness was secured through an event which his frightened

disciples regarded as the destruction of his cause. So the voice of righteous Abel speaks through the ages; and "precious in the sight of the Lord," for its wide spread and lasting influence, "is the death of his saints." Hence Solomon says "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." It is said of Samson, though a mighty man of war, "The dead which he slew in his death were more than they which he slew in his life." And I doubt not that by the solemn thoughts that are excited, the sanctifiying influence on the minds of some of God's people, and the awakening influence exerted on the impenitent, a good man often does more in his death than in his life. At least, we may leave this to him who declared "all souls are mine," and who knows well when this will be true and act accordingly.

And, independent of this consideration we do not know what means our departed friends may have for doing good to us and the church of God. We cannot affirm that they do not visit us in some such way as those angels who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation. They have, at least, access to those angels, and through them may do more for us than would have been possible if clogged with their clay tenements.

Thus we see that we have no reason to mourn for those whom God has given to Christ, though taken from our view. All the good they enjoyed here, they enjoy with him whose glory they behold, while those evils that oppressed them here are removed. Were they at home with us? So are they with Christ. Were they beloved by us? So are they by Christ. Were they useful with us? So are they in a far greater degree with the Savior. On the other hand we may ask, had they obstacles to encounter with us—ill health, burdensome and distracting cares, untoward inclinations, in themselves and us? Not so where now they dwell serene.

The remarks thus made are general in their applications. I come now to some particular application of them to the case before us.

Henrietta C. Kilbourn was born in Litchfield Connecticut, Sept. 4th 1841, and was therefore at her death 17 years of age.

Naturally she had the evil tendencies of a corrupt race, some of them appearing in early childhood with a strength that gave her best friends anxiety. Self-will, dislike of control, envious feeling awakened by the presence of superior amiableness in others, unlovely temper, and a self-justifiing spirit when reproved, showed the neccessity for faithful discipline, and for God's renewing grace. But these things parental authority, kind, yet firm, and exercised in the fear of God, subordinated in a great measure at an early age, so that those who knew her only in recent times would little suspect that they ever had place in her breast. Still she did not come to a full recognition of her fallen state, and her need of an interest in Christ, until about thirteen years of age. Her union with the church here in 1857 many

of you recollect. Since that time her course has been such that it requires no flattery of the dead, or the living, to say she adorned her profession by a life, in which her associates could discover naught to censure and but little to correct. She did this by a readiness to perform any service she felt satisfied belonged to her, and yet more, perhaps, by a desire to have made known to her the path of duty. To these qualities I may add yet another which shone brightly during the last few months of her life, viz: quiet submission to the allotments of Providence in her own case and that of her friends.

In this last particular she was severely tested. It is difficult for us who have never experienced it to realize what it is for a youth, with bright hopes, to be summoned to surrender them all. First, as disease takes possession of the system to give up the innocent pleasures of companionship and taste—those joyous rambles in field and grove and forest, where the buoyant spirit so fully sympathizes with nature, gathering strength from exercise, and drinking in gladness from the breezes laden with the perfume of flowers, and made vocal by the songsters of the air; to exchange all these for the carefully closed sick room, and an inactive state in which even exercise is a task and a peril, this is hard. Then as the strength is wasting, to feel that one is burdening kind friends instead of aiding them; to feel that the powers conferred by nature or secured by education are to be of no use on earth; and the busy world, ever estimating each one by the bustle he makes, is leaving the inactive one out of account, to become concious of inability to participate with dear companions in gatherings for friendly converse and joyous song; this is indeed trying. But all this came over her who has now gone to her rest. And bravely did she meet the trial—no complaints no murmurings, came from her lips. In this furnace she was freed yet more from the imperfections of her nature, while her Savior stood above her "as a refiner and purifier of silver." As a proof of this we have gratefully to record her own testimony. She acknowledged the goodness of God in thus subjecting her to discipline, declared she needed it, and was blest by it. But at this point arose another trial no less severe perhaps than those that preceeded. She had become convinced that she must die; that earth and all its scenes must soon lose all importance to her; that she must go from relatives and all that was dear to her on earth. She had brought her mind to submission on this point, and yet as she felt her weakness of body she was tempted to ask Why so long delay? Why tarry his chariot wheels? —or in the words of another,* of nearly her age, who died by a similar dis-

* Miss Mary Hubbell, who died at North Stonington, Ct. 1854, aged 19.

ease she was ready to chide the slow approach of death by saying,

"On my white couch all day I wait for thee,
And all the dewy night,
Has He commissioned thee to wing so slow
And calm thy solemn flight?"

She felt strongly tempted to impatience, for she longed to be gone. But here too she triumphed. Realizing that in this, too, it became her to submit, she chided her rising desire to haste from earth by saying even amid the hours of dissolution, "God always does right. His time is best." Thus rejoicing in the hope of glory, with sweet thoughts of God, Christ, and heaven, she fell asleep; while from her wasted form, even in the moment when death's victory was most complete, there seemed to arise the song, "O Death where is thy sting! O Grave where is thy victory."

O thou enfranchised soul! once of earth like us, but now freed from all that oppressed thee! Early hast thou gained thy crown, early art thou rescued from life's weary cares and weighty burdens! Back from thy Savior's side we would not call thee; though those very qualities that endear thee to him, endeared thee also to us. Rather may thy conquests give us fresh courage to battle with earth's trials, confident that "God's time is best" both for thee and us, and striving ourselves also to secure the rest which thou hast already attained.

To you my friends on whom this bereavement presses with a force that none else can feel, I would here speak a few words. My heart bleeds with yours—and well it may, not only because we are to "weep with those that weep" but because I too stand in the house of mourning. As you, my brother in Christ, trod with me, many years since, the halls of science, so now we tread together the pathway in which God disciplines his children. I speak as one not unused to bereavement. Affliction's furnace is even now hot for me* as well as for you. Let me then caution you not to forget in this trial the goodness of God. Not the mightiest potentate of earth could have done your daughter and sister the honor now conferred upon her by Christ Meditate then, not so much upon your loss, as her gain; not so much upon usefulness seemingly destroyed, as upon higher usefulness begun. And let me call your attention to a few thoughts suggested by the text as illustrating God's goodness even in this.

1. She who is taken from you was given to Christ by God the Father in the great love wherewith he loved her. This is the characteristic of all Christians, of all that flock in whom the Savior of men "shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." And being given to Christ you have a two-fold reason to feel she was not your own. All souls are God's by creation, but a soul becomes Christ's by regeneration. You longed for this result, and God in his mercy brought it about—the consequence is, Christ claims his own. Mercy marks all the pathway.

2. As belonging to Christ her most important sphere was not in this world. Herein every righteous man differs from the ungodly. The unregenerate have no other sphere of action than this. They can fill stations in domestic, social, and civil life; but removed from earth they have no point on which to rest, no plans to be completed hereafter, but from their unlet graves there comes to us the sad and woful cry, "My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart." Not so with those who are given to Christ. Their plans are consummated, not blasted, by death. Where the ruin of others begins, their glory has its rise. Take them from palaces, and it is only to transfer them to the palace of our God. Take them from toils and poverty, from prison and dishonor among men, and the change is to rest and riches, to liberty and glory.

3. Your daughter now is a beholder of the Savior's glory. Nor in estimating this privilege let us forget that the sight of Christ is represented as the means of transforming the soul. "Beholding" says Paul, "as in a glass

* Alluding to the death of a son 14 months old, six weeks previous, While Mr. G- was absent from his family at the East.

the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." (2 Cor. 3: 18.) And when John sets before us the blessedness of saints in glory he says, "When he shall appear we shall be like him." And what shall make us like him? He answers, "For we shall see him as he is." (1 John 3: 2.)

4. As one given to Christ your daughter's presence was desired in heaven. As a father longs to have his children with him, as a brother longs for a sister's presence and is oppressed by the loneliness of the house when she is gone; and parents and brothers feel this the more, the happier their own abode; and the more severe the lot of the absent ones, so our Savior wishes his sanctified ones with him. And as a kind father hastens the arrangements by which it will be expedient for his children to be at home; so is Christ making every righteous man ripe for eternal glory, and as soon as his work on earth is done will call him away.

You were not the only ones to whom that blessed spirit was dear. Yours was not then the only circle in which she was beloved and longed for. A tenderer than an earthly father desired her presence, and prayed for her removal. Never was she yours in any other than an earthly sense, but when she became an heir not of an earthly inheritance, but of thrones on high, and a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, she was beloved in other realms, and had a home in other spheres. Redeemed souls were asking, "When, oh when shall her weary contest cease?" angels ministering to her soul were whispering "Sister spirit come away," and Jesus, the mediator, was uttering that wish which is the law of the universe, "I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

My bereaved friends! should we not rather weep that we tarry here, than that she is gone? And if in this state of sorrow the question arises "why do the righteous die," have you not an answer full of comfort?

But it is not for you alone that this affliction has been sent. Let me then address a few words to those whom this occasion has called together.

And first I would speak to heads of households. It is one of the most consoling and delightful thoughts connected with this death that it took place in a consecrated household. To this perhaps we may attribute all the grace and glory that make her funeral a real coronation. The earliest recollections of this daughter were recollections of prayer, praise, and the service of God Christ was the theme earliest dwelt upon each day.

"His name like sweet perfume did rise
With every morning's sacrifice."

Had she been in a godless household—where religion was a stranger, she had either been caught in the snare, and parents and children would have plunged together into a miserable eternity; or her piety, struggling through difficulties like the sun eclipsed, might have shone with feeble light. Ye heads of prayerless households! and ye with whom prayer is but a form! as you would hope for the peaceful death and happy immortality of those you love, resolve now with the earnestness which a subject so solemn demands, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

Next would I address those of like age with the deceased. A few months since she was hopeful like you all. Plans prompted by affection, and full of promise, interested her soul, and her earthly future was bright with prospects of joy. But these were not her all. On no such narrow, slippery, and failing supports did her happiness rest. Her aspirations were higher, and her foundations were deeper laid—yea they were "longer than the earth and broader than the sea." Now lies she there! and though every earthly scheme is dashed in pieces yet is she more than conqueror. She was young, but her death is not a blight upon the blossoms of hope. What was begun here in weakness, will be perfected under better influences with power. Her youth shall now know no age. She had given her all to the Savior's care, and under the influence of this consecration, she resisted

those temptations that surround, to turn you aside to pleasures that are unfavorable to prayer, and destructive to sober thought. Now she reaps her reward. In that world she now inhabits she has learned more, and enjoyed more, in the brief interval elapsed since she left us than we all, in our years of study, and our endeavors to extract enjoyment from earth's deceitful sweets. With what satisfaction she now looks back to the hours spent in communion with God, and the various exercises that prepared her to die!—nay, I should rather say, to live! Can you not, will you not, imitate her example so far as she imitated Christ? Come, choose the part she chose, and her God shall be your God. I urge this for your sake; I might urge it for the sake of God's people. The church to which she belonged mourns her loss. Shall not her mantle fall on you? May God so sanctify this dispensation, that not merely on one, but on many, that mantle shall fall; and not merely her spirit, but a double portion of that spirit shall animate you. Then shall her influence on earth be multiplied many fold, and while heaven is her blessed home, her place on earth be more than supplied, and the good she hath done in her death, be greater than that accomplished in her life.

HENRIETTA LIVETT.

BY MARTHA L. KELLOGG.

"Because I live, ye shall live also." John, 14: 19.

Henrietta, child beloved—passed one evening from our sight,
From this vale of mist and shadow to the hills of heavenly light;
Softly going—meekly going—with her youthful mantle on,
Clinging to the Guide who called her—lo, we looked—and she was gone.

Dumb with anguish where she left us, gathered at the opened door,
There, methinks an angel met us, saying, 'look ye here—no more—
Linger not amazed and wistful—sweetest mercy in disguise;
Only loos'd the mystic portal, and unsealed the spirit's eyes.

Since HE lives, the great Redeemer—HE, the everlasting Head—
Know ye not his members living! Will ye call the loved one dead!
Though she has a harp celestial, it is thrilled with human love—
More sublime and yet more tender, in her Father's home above.

Then why stand ye wrapt in sorrow, musing with bewildered gaze?
Heard ye not as she went from us, "God is right in all his ways"?
Know ye too the Savior willeth, all his own with him to keep?
Rather kneel in adoration—rather worship ye than weep!

Not for her the dirge and requiem, but exulting chants and psalms,
Symphonies for hours of crowning, and for victors bearing palms;
Life begun and *dying* ended, let her name recall her joy,
Heavenly growth, divine protection, ceaseless praise and blest employ

MEMORANDA.

While the Scriptural truth of the discourse is commended to all who mourn the death of Christian friends, and divine grace, it is believed, was, in some measure, honored in her life and death, the design of this publication is not to exhibit her as a remarkable character, or as a model of Christian attainments, but rather, to provide a private memorial to be cherished by her numerous, and widely seperated, kindred and other friends.

Henrietta Cordelia Kilbourn was the eldest child and only daughter of Rev. James, & Amelia Cynthia Kilbourn, and a grand daughter of Rev. Bela Kellogg, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in Avon, Conn. She was born in the town of Litchfield, Conn. Sept. 4th. 1841, and died at Sandwich De Kalb Co. Ill., Jan. 17th, 1859, aged seventeen years, four months, and thirteen days.

Her brief story connects, locally, with Litchfield, Bridgewater, Prospect, Middle Haddam, Avon, West Haven, in Connecticut, and with Sandwich in Illinois, as places of residence or sojourn.

In her earliest childhood she evinced a perverse inclination to Falsehood, which, however was soon and completely subdued by vigorous Discipline, enforced by the authority of God's word, and the love of Christ; and ever after, it is but just to say, she was a model of conscientious and undeviating truthfulness.

In the winter of 1854–5 her mental development received a marked impulse under the tuition of Miss. C. M Strong of Middle Haddam, a teacher deeply imbued with the true spirit of her noble profession.

At that time also she became, with several of her schoolmates, hopefully, a child of God—a result greatly promoted it is believed, by the devotional exercises and christian influence of her teacher, for whom she cherished a sister-like affection to her dying day.

From that period there was a very gratifying improvement in regard to dutifulness of spirit, and the correction of faults alluded to in the discourse. Shortly after this she wrote, "Dear Parents—I have delayed writing because I am afraid I shall say something that I do not really feel. I now love to have others come to Christ, but once I felt almost provoked because others were converted; for I thought they were happy and I was not." The next summer, she, with others, was inconsiderately betrayed into some acts of insubordination at school; but on reflection, of her own accord, she sent a most humbling confession to the teacher, to be read to the school, saying, "My Savior has been dishonored, and I feel that I have cause for the greatest self condemnation and abasement before God and man: I hope that I am truly penitent, and that I shall obtain forgiveness of that long-suffering Redeemer, against whom, more than against my teacher, I have sinned."

Writing from West Avon, April 4th. 1856, she says. "One reason, why I hope that I am a child of God is, I cannot bear the thought of returning to the way of the world, and I wish to do what I can to lead others to Christ. I find enjoyment in prayer and reading the Bible, but not one half or quarter as much as I wish to, and sometime hope to. I have many doubts and fears about myself; it seems almost too good to be true, that I am realy a child of God; but I feel that I want to press on and do something more and better &c."

Under date of June, 1856, while attending the excellent Seminary of Mrs. Wright, now Mrs. Rev. J. Atwater at West Haven, Ct., she wrote to her parents. "I love the society of Christians better than that of worldly persons; but perhaps that may be because they are more agreeable in their ways. I love to talk with any one upon the subject of religion, I think that when I am in the wrong, I wish to be told of it, but I do not know whether this arises from a regenerate heart, or whether it is natural for me, now that I am older; as I look back to the extreme hatred I once had of being corrected. I am afraid that like many others, I am deceived, and am making a hypocrite of myself. There is nothing in a person's character that I abhor more than sanctimony—a great degree of piety *in words*, while the daily actions are quite the reverse." Adding some self abasing confessions of early faults, and bitter lamentations for so many years that seemed to her "worse than lost," she proceeds. "I think that I have more to contend against in my own heart than any one else can know of; but then, my outward advantages in having parents to instruct me, and means which few others have of learning what is right, should counterbalance what is worse within. It does seem as if I had not one natural trait that is good, &c." Under date of Mar., 16th. 1859 Rev. J. Atwater writes from West Haven, 'she is still remembered here with interest and affection, as a good scholar and lovely member of the seminary." Early in April, 1857, she assumed the charge of the primary department of the public school in Bridgewater Ct. The principal of the school, Miss. A. A. Carter. (a graduate of the Conn. Normal school) writes, since her death. "Her most prominent characteristics at that time were unaffected simplicity of manners, hopefulness of disposition, and a desire to make those around her happy, and an ardent love of the beautiful in nature, literature and art Although she prosecuted her labors under the disadvantage of an incessant cough, she succeeded in gaining the affections of her little pupils who still remember her as their favorite teacher.

She never exhibited any thing of vanity, in respect to her own acquriements when associated with those who were inferior to her."

In July, 1857, she came with her father's family to Sandwich Ill. On the first sabbath of October ensuing she united with the Congregational Church, a step in the review of which she expressed much satisfaction near the end of her life. The winter following (1857-8) she attended the school of J. L. Hendrick, in her father's house. About the 1st, of May, 1858 she was attacked with the whooping cough, bronchial consumption succeeded and death.

She greatly enjoyed her associations here, in society and in the church, and the trials of her long illness were alleviated by the assiduous and often self denying attention of christian kindness.

The following sketch of her mental character has been furnished by an intimate friend not of the family.

"She loved nature with the eye and fresh love of a child of nature. She excelled in native powers of apprehension, perception, and memory. Her imagination was of a high order. For Drawing, Painting and Music, she had a special fondness. But these traits were combined with sound judgment without the least sentimentalism or pretension. She was remarkably observing, and her active mind was always watching and appropriating, whether in nature, art, or the common transactions of life. She had much independence of judgment and her opinion on subjects with which she was familiar was valuable. She had much individuality, strong affections manifested in her own way, perfect sincerity, she was one emphatically who meant all that she said. A few words from her, were more than many from some. Though reserved among strangers, she was ardently fond of her friends and favorites, though more quiet in demonstrations of attachment than some.

She had special taste and aptitude for studies connected with the science and art of language; as Composition, Rhetoric Latin &c., which suggested the idea, that, with culture, stimulus and opportunity, she might excel as a writer."

At an early stage of her illness, it being intimated that the result was uncertain, she replied, "I feel no anxiety about it: I would like to recover, but think I am willing to leave the uture with God." Earth had many strong attractions for her. She had an extensive circle of kindred and friends whom she dearly loved. She highly prized intelligent and congenial society. She loved the "young people's prayer meeting. She delighted in music, vocal and instrumental. She was alive to the beauties of nature and art. Especially were her hopes fondly fixed upon pursuing a thorough course of education in some first class female Seminary. A christian friend, (Miss Lucretia Deming, of Litchfield, Ct.) had generously advanced to her the means of a year's support at such an institution, and negociations were completed for her admission to Rockford Female Seminary for the year 1858—9.

But in view of all these earthly ties, she could say, When I think of the beauties of heaven, I feel perfectly willing to give up all thes earthly pleasures, plans and hopes.—If it is God's pleasure, I am willing to die." This was the more note-worthy, as she observed during her last illness. "Before that time" (the religious crisis before mentioned) "I looked upon death with perfect horror; and if I now had no hope in Christ, I should be so agitated, that no medicine could do any good." I needed this affliction to make me humble." "I feel that I can rejoice that God has thus afflicted me; it has done my heart so much good." The scriptural tests of a regenerated heart, having been at her request set before her, she felt satisfied that her experience accorded therewith. "I feel sure that I love Jesus, and would rejoice to see him, though among so many adoring ones it seems as if I would not be noticed." And while grateful living witnesses are not wanting to testify that she cared for their souls, she yet repeatedly expressed regret, that she had done no more for Christ, and to lead others to Him, and desired to recover that she might be more faithful. May her young christian friends profit by these penitent self-reproaches! She often expressed gratitude for the kindness of friends, "It must be God put it into their hearts to be so kind," and when suffering "I wonder at the mercies of God. I never felt so much before, how good He is to me." I feel that Christ sustains and comforts me. I think much of death, eternity and heaven, and while I cannot *now* say but I shall be frightened when I come to die. I can trust myself with Jesus and think he will carry me through." To some young friends she said, "What could I do without Christ now? the present would be no time to make preparation for death." As the end appoached, she expressed some fears lest she should die hard, and one morning she said "I hoped I should have died last night"—but checked anxiety and impatience, saying, "I would leave all with Him, if He pleases that I should live and suffer a week or longer, His will be done." When select passages of scripture were read and the love of Christ presented, "That is comforting and precious. I love to hear you talk father.." When very nervous and distressed "Pray that I may have patience. I love to have you pray for me." Shortly before her death, to the questtion is Christ near? Yes, I would cling closely to Jesus." Witnessing the grief of her friends, she would often minister some word of comfort. She feared she should indulge a selfish spirit in wishing unduly that every thing should be subordinated to her feelings and comfort The day before she died she remarked to a friend, "This is the last sabbath I shall see on earth." Monday came, the 17th of Jan. 1859, to her "the last of earth." She suffered much but her mind was clear and calm.

Rev. Joel Grant, for many years a friend of the family, was present. He read the 23d Psa'm, and prayed much to her satisfaction, and as he departed, she reiterated, with perfect composure, her request that he would preach her funeral sermon, and with her usual smile, sent her love to his family. The sun went down. She was dying. Many sympathizing friends gathered to witness the last scene. Three hours was she crossing "deaths cold stream." Reiterating the prayer, "O God take me." She checked impatience by the reflection "God always does right, his time is best." "I am dying, I am ready: Good bye." When she could no longer see faces around her, and after she was supposed to be unconscious, she distinctly enunciated the words, "I want Eddie to be a christian. Mother, I love you, and thank you for all your kindness." In answer to the question, can you see your father and mother? "No." Can you see Jesus by faith, and is he near and precious to your soul? "Yes, Yes." "And she fell asleep." Acts 7 : 60.

Rev. L. P. Crawford fitly led the sorrowing group to the throne of grace. The Presbyterian Church was kindly offered for the funeral solemnities. Thither, on Thursday, Jan. 20th, her cherished form was followed by the bereaved family, and a sorrowing church; and there a numerous and deeply sympathizing assembly listened with deep interest to the foregoing discourse. The last view was taken at the Congregational Chapel, where she had assumed the vows of the christian profession, where she had sat at the Lords table, and where she had so often worshiped with beloved christian friends. The precious clay was kindly welcomed to a resting place in the family burying ground of Dea. S. H. Lay. And when dust was consigned to dust, and earth to earth, among the mingled moanings of sorrowing hearts, and wintry winds, the words of victory were heard, as from the freed spirit "within the vail,"

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise."

J. K.